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THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA.



A CAPTIVE FRENCH OFFICER IN THE PRESENCE OF ABD-EL-KADER.

BRADBURY AND EVANS.]

VOL. IV.

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FRENCH CONQUESTS IN AFRICA.

THAT portion of the coast of northern Africa on which the French are now endeavouring to establish themselves, has been the scene of many memorable events. Here, between two and three thousand years ago, was founded the Phœnician colony of Carthage—a commercial republic, which has been termed the England of antiquity, and which, in its contests with its great rival and final destroyer, Rome, shook the then world. The Romans destroyed Carthage about a century and a half before our era; but the Roman colony of Carthage replaced the old republic, while the conquest of the country (especially that part which was called Numidia, within which Algiers lies) gave ample employment to Roman skill and valour.

Under Roman dominion, the country enjoyed the benefits of Roman civilisation; and Christianity was early planted along these shores: one of the celebrated fathers of the Christian church, Augustin, was bishop of Hippo, and the ruins of the place which gave a title to his see can still be traced. But ancient civilisation and ancient Christianity have long since been rooted up. The Vandals, in the fifth century, crossed from Spain into Africa, destroying all before them; and in the seventh and eighth centuries, the victorious Saracens, who at that period seemed as if destined to conquer the world, occupied the coasts, and in progress of time made the whole extent of country really or nominally Mohammedan.

Looking at the map, we see that the northern coast of Africa is occupied by the empire of Morocco, or Morocco, and the territories of Algiers, Tunis (the ancient Carthage), and Tripoli. This extent of country, about 1500 miles in length, has been known to Europeans by the general name of Barbary. The empire of Morocco lies on the west, and extends from the Atlantic to the Straits of Gibraltar; it is a large and independent country and government, founded by the Moors or Arabs. Beyond the Straits (which are between eleven and twelve miles wide) along the Mediterranean, lie the extensive territories of Algiers and Tunis, in the former of which the French have planted themselves, and are endeavouring to conquer the country. We must explain what has brought them there.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, a Turkish sailor, who had acquired some reputation for skill and bravery, was entrusted with the command of a Turkish privateer, fitted out by speculators in Constantinople, with the intention of cruising in the Archipelago against merchant-vessels belonging to nations at war with the Porte. As soon as he got out of the Dardanelles, the captain persuaded his men to sail with him to the coast of Africa. He arrived, in 1504, in the harbour of Tunis, and was well received by the reigning bey—for all the Moorish states along the coast of Africa were under apprehensions from the power of Spain. The Turkish captain made the harbour of Tunis his head-quarters, from whence he sailed to cruise on the Mediterranean; and in a short time he had a large fleet, and had spread his fame far and wide. By a European corruption of a familiar appellation given to him by his sailors, he became known as the corsair Barbarossa—

a word of terror to all merchantmen on the Mediterranean. After many contests, Barbarossa established himself in Algiers, from whence he began to extend his conquests over the Arabs of the country. The Spaniards had some settlements on the coast of Africa; and, alarmed at the successes of Barbarossa, they applied to Charles V., who sent over troops to attack him. Barbarossa, who had only about 1500 men to cope with 10,000, retreated to Algiers; but in his flight, hearing the cries of his men, he bravely turned back to fight the Spaniards, and died covered with wounds.

The brother of Barbarossa had charge of Algiers, and on the news of his death, the Turks of the town elected him as his brother's successor. This Barbarossa the Second proved himself no way inferior, in courage and energy, to his predecessor. Finding himself insecure in his possession of Algiers, he offered the sovereignty of the town and country to Selim I., the Turkish sultan, on condition of being made viceroy or pacha, and of receiving the assistance of a body of troops. The offer was accepted; and Barbarossa being made pacha, Algiers became subject to the Turkish authority—continued really so, as long as the "Sublime Porte" retained its energy and vigour, and nominally acknowledged the Turkish rule, even while acting independently of it.

Barbarossa was made grand admiral of the Turkish fleet, and left the command of Algiers to a friend, a native of Sardinia, who had become a Mohammedan and a corsair. From that period Algiers became a nest of pirates, the terror and pest of the Mediterranean. They seized the vessels of all nations that did not agree to pay them tribute; and landing suddenly on the shores of Italy and France, used to plunder the villages, and carry off the inhabitants into slavery. The example of the Algerine pirates was imitated by others of the Barbary states; the town of Sallé, in Morocco, became, at one time, as notorious as Algiers; and both on the Atlantic and the Mediterranean the Barbary pirates were an object of fear to merchantmen.

Algiers was repeatedly attacked by European powers, whose commerce had suffered from its privateers: but though at times checked by warlike demonstrations, bribed by the payment of money, or compelled to enter into treaties, good faith was seldom kept; for the inducements of plunder and slaves were too powerful for professional pirates. During the present century, while Europe was occupied by the more important concerns of a continental war, the Algerines became intolerable. The United States gave them a check in 1815; in 1816, Lord Exmouth went to Africa, to conclude a convention for the release of the numerous Christian slaves in the Barbary states: but he had scarcely returned to England, when the bad faith of the Algerines was manifested, by their violation of the treaty. Upon this, Lord Exmouth was sent out with a British fleet; and no answer being returned to his flag of truce, he bombarded Algiers, and reduced the town and fortifications to a heap of ruins. Thus humbled, the dey of Algiers was glad to submit to the terms imposed, the total abolition of Christian slavery, &c. In a year or two, however, the Algerines began to resume their old practices, until a gross insult having been offered to the French consul, for which no satisfaction was given, a large armament was fitted

out by France, for the express purpose of taking possession of Algiers, and finally rooting out this nest of piracy, which had literally "troubled the nations" for three centuries. The French armament arrived in June 1830, under the command of General Bourmont; Algiers surrendered; the dey, the "last of his race," abdicated, and retired to Europe; while the French took possession of the town, in which they found about two millions sterling in precious metals and stores.

The French have now had possession of Algiers for ten years; and though they have wasted much blood and treasure in various attempts to extend their conquests, they can hardly be said to have possession of anything more than the town of Algiers, the town of Constantina (the ancient capital of Numidia), and a few points on the coast, maintained with great difficulty. The nature of the country, and the character of the population, offer great obstacles to their success. The line of coast is extensive, but it is comparatively a mountainous strip—the Atlas chain running through the whole territory of Algiers, or, as the French call it, Algeria. Behind the strip of coast lies the great Desert of Sahara, a vast extent of drifting sand, the borders of which may be reached in about sixty or eighty miles from the sea. The natives are either the descendants of the original inhabitants, or of the Arabs, who have conquered the country; but they are all of nomadic habits, haughty, fierce, and ignorant, scarcely ever acknowledged the Turkish dominion, and appear heartily to hate that of the French. One of the most active of the opponents of the French is Abd-el-Kader, a young chief, who has baffled and thwarted them year after year. It is impossible to read the French accounts of their own proceedings, without being impressed with the idea that this African Arab is a man of great energy and ability. He has had to raise supplies; he has had to keep different tribes and races in a united state, to sustain their enthusiasm, and encourage them under their disasters: yet for ten years this man, who, as compared with the French, must be termed a semi-barbarian, and the commander of barbarians, has contrived to give ample employment to French military skill, science, and courage. Abd-el-Kader is, in fact, a modern Jugurtha. Jugurtha, the Numidian, maintained in this country an able and arduous contest with the Romans; Abd-el-Kader is repeating his tactics, and, with the same spirit, keeping the French at bay—we hope he will escape the fate of Jugurtha.

Marshal Vallée, the French commander-in-chief in Africa, in a recently published dispatch, boasts of the progress which was made, by the "first campaign of 1840," in subjugating the various tribes who inhabit Algeria; and in a general order, addressed to the French troops under his command, (dated July 5, 1840,) he alludes to another effort, which he considers all that is requisite to complete the conquest, and finish the war. "You will have the glory," he says to the soldiers, "of terminating this war, which has lasted for ten years, and you will bestow upon France a vast and beautiful colony." But all that has yet been done does not justify this boast. The march of the French troops through the country was perpetually impeded by the natives: Abd-el-Kader has been repeatedly defeated, yet he recovers himself with wonderful alacrity: and though the villages and standing crops

were burned by the French, and other atrocities committed, more worthy of a war of savages than of civilised men, Algeria is still far from being a colony of France.

The writer of the book, whose title we give below,* a French naval officer, was stationed, with his vessel, in 1836, at Arzew, a sea-port between Algiers and Oran. Having landed, with a party, to procure water from a spring, a number of Arabs darted on them, and succeeded in carrying off Monsieur De France. His captors, who at first were disposed to kill him, decided on carrying him to the camp of Abd-el-Kader, where he arrived, after a fatiguing march:—

"The camp of Abd-el-Kader was situated in a wood of fig-trees, upon the road itself from Moustaganem to Mascara: the wheel-ruts are still perfectly distinguishable which the cannons of the French had made at the time of their last passage. As soon as we arrived at the first tent, my guides made me dismount, and we were immediately surrounded by thousands of Arabs—men, women,† and children, who began to make the air resound with their confused clamours. I distinguished, from time to time, 'Son of a dog!—dog of a Christian!—cut off his head!'—the whole accompanied with blows and the customary spitting. However, the Chaos‡ came to my assistance. They drove away these savages with blows of their sticks, and succeeded, with great difficulty, in rescuing me from their hands, and conducting me to the tent of Abd-el-Kader, by making a rampart for me with their bodies.

"This brutal reception was not such as to reassure me. Moreover, I experienced a certain dread in entering the tent; but Abd-el-Kader, without doubt perceiving my fear by the paleness of my countenance, made me a sign, with a smile, to be seated, and said to me, 'As long as you remain near me, you have neither to dread bad treatment nor insults.' Emboldened by this kind reception, I asked him for water. I had not drunk since the preceding evening—thanks to the horsemen of my escort. Abd-el-Kader had me immediately conducted to the tent which served as a magazine for provisions, where they gave me a melon, some grapes, some *white bread*, and some water. I experienced at this moment sensations and feelings I had never expected to feel again. The kind reception of Abd-el-Kader, the assurance he had hastened to give me, altogether raised my sunken courage, and reawakened in my spirit smiling and flattering hopes. The melon was excellent, and the water fresh. I devoured the melon, and emptied a pitcher of water.

"My repast being finished, I was reconducted to the tent of Abd-el-Kader. This tent is the most magnificent of the whole camp. It is thirty feet long and eleven feet high. It is furnished in the interior with cloth of various colours, upon which (in the midst of *arabesque* and crescents, yellow, red, blue, green) hang weepers, similar in their form to those which decorate, with us, the mortuary cloths. A woollen curtain (*haick*) divides it into two unequal parts; in the hinder part, which is the smallest, is a mattress, destined for the siesta, or sleep, of the sultan. A small door, which opens to the back, serves as a passage for those in waiting in the tent, and to the slaves more particularly attached to the person of Abd-el-Kader. Ben-About and Ben-Faka, of whom we shall soon speak, have the charge of watching over him when he goes out by this door, and to present water to him for his ablutions. During the day the two curtains, which close at night the front of the tent, rest attached to two long rods: the interior is thus open to all eyes, and accessible to all comers.

* The Prisoners of Abd-el-Kader; or, Five Months' Captivity among the Arabs, in the Autumn of 1836. By Mons. A. DE FRANCE. Translated by R. F. PORTER.—London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1838.

† The women belonged to the neighbouring tribes, and had collected on the news of my arrival. There are none in the camp of Abd-el-Kader."

‡ Chaos are the executioners. They have the rank of officers, and eat with Abd-el-Kader. They are richly clad, and generally carry superb yataghans and magnificent pistols, ornamented with pearls and coral, suspended to a gilded belt. They have always a stick (*bâton*) in their hand, of which they make constant use: for they have more blows to give than heads to cut off."

"In one of the corners, on the ground, are rolled four flags, which four horsemen always carry before Abd-el-Kader when he is on a march. They are of silk; the first, the banner of the cavalry, is red; the second, the banner of the infantry, has a yellow stripe between two horizontal blue stripes; the third, two horizontal stripes—the one green, the other white; the fourth is half yellow, half red. On Friday, the day of rest for the Arabs, they are exposed before the tent of the sultan.

"Thirty negro slaves, who form the body-guard of Abd-el-Kader, surround his tent. They are never relieved, and have no other bed than the earth. A great number of chaous are always in attendance at the entrance, waiting the orders of their master.

"In the interior is an elevated stool, covered with red silk, of which Abd-el-Kader makes use in mounting his horse. There is also a small mattress, covered with a carpet, upon which are two cushions of red silk. A chest is placed at each end of the mattress, two other chests form the back, and a carpet covers the whole. All this forms the sofa of Abd-el-Kader. The boxes inclose his money and his clothes. A carpet, upon which strangers seat themselves, is spread upon the ground.

"I have now mentioned all the furniture and all the ornaments of the tent of Abd-el-Kader. I must describe the life, the character, the manners, the habits of this man, so badly known even to this day. After all I had heard said of him, I expected to see a barbarian, always ready to cut off heads—a tiger, thirsty for blood: my expectation was much deceived.

"Abd-el-Kader is twenty-eight years of age. He is little, being not more than five feet high; his face long, and of excessive paleness; his large black eyes are mild and caressing; his mouth small and graceful; his nose aquiline. His beard is thin, but very black. He wears a small moustache, which gives his features, naturally fine and benevolent, a martial air, which becomes him exceedingly. The ensemble of his physiognomy is sweet and agreeable. Mons. Bravais has told me that an Arab chief, whose name I have forgotten, being one day on board the 'Loiret,' in the captain's state-room, exclaimed, on seeing the portrait of a woman, Isabelle de Bavière, whom the engraver had taken to personify Europe, 'There is Abd-el-Kader!' Abd-el-Kader has beautiful small hands and feet, and displays some coquetry in keeping them in order. He is always washing them. While conversing, squatted upon his cushions, he holds his toes in his fingers; or, if this posture fatigues him, he begins to pare, to clear the bottom of the nails with a knife and scissors, of which the mother-of-pearl handle is delicately worked, and which he has constantly in his hands.

"He affects an extreme simplicity in his dress. There is never any gold or broidery upon his bernous.* He wears a shirt of very fine linen, the seams of which are covered with a silken stripe. Next to his shirt comes the haïck.† He throws over the haïck two bernous of white wool, and upon the two white bernous a black one. A few silken tassels are the only ornaments which relieve the simplicity of his costume. He never carries any arms at his girdle.‡ His feet are naked in his slippers. He has his head shaved, and his head-dress is composed of two or three Greek caps, the one upon the other, over which he throws the hood of his bernous.

"The father of Abd-el-Kader, who has been dead two years, was a marabout,§ named Mahidin, who, by his good fortune, his intelligence, his reputation for holiness, had obtained a great repute among the Arabs, and a great moral influence over the tribes. He had performed the journey to Mecca twice; he had

* Bernous, a kind of woollen mantle, without sleeves, but with a hood to it."

† Haïck, a covering of very thin wool, with which they wrap their bodies and their heads."

‡ I have seen, at the print-sellers' shops, a portrait of Abd-el-Kader—the face of Blue Beard—pistols and poniards in his belt. Abd-el-Kader in his camp never wears arms. They say also that he has very bad teeth; I never perceived it."

§ Marabout, priest. Such as have performed the journey to Mecca are called holy (l'hadj)."

twice prostrated himself before the tomb of the Prophet. His son accompanied him on his second trip; he was then eight years of age. His youth did not prevent his seeing, observing, and profiting: he already knew how to write and read Arabic, and had also learned Italian. On their return from this pious expedition, Mahidin guided the youthful intelligence of his son in the difficult study of the Koran, at the same time that he instructed him in the practical part of business.

"The taking of Algiers occurred. As soon as we had concluded a peace with the Arabs, Abd-el-Kader laboured to excite the tribes, to nourish and envenom their resentments, to exalt their religious fanaticism, and, above all, to become their chief: The intelligence, the activity, the bravery, the address, the craft of the young marabout soon distinguished him among the tribes. The Arabs recognised the superiority that natural advantages assured him over them; they became accustomed by degrees to consider him their chief: to-day he is their sultan. He is the only man capable of maintaining the Arabs against our attacks. If the tribes should lose him—discouraged as they already are, and tired of the war, they would soon place themselves under our rule."

"When I was introduced the second time into the tent of the sultan, he was seated upon some pillows; his secretaries and some marabouts, squatted down in a circle, were near him. His smiling and gracious countenance formed a pleasing contrast with their stern and savage faces. The chief secretary first drew my attention. His physiognomy was perfectly Tartuffian—he is a rogue; he always urged Abd-el-Kader to demand a large sum of money for my ransom.

"The sultan ordered me, with a smile full of kindness, to be seated, and said to me in Arabic—

"Where were you taken?"

"At Arzew."

"Your name?"

"France."

"Oh, yes; Français."

"Yes, I am a Frenchman; but that is not what I wish to say—I am called France."

"Yes, Français?"

"No, France; as if, for example, you were named Mascara, Algiers, Oran, Mohammed, Ali, Abd-el-Kader."

"France?"

"Yes."

"Your rank?"

"Frigate-lieutenant." §

"Captain?"

"No, frigate-lieutenant."

"They told me you were captain. Explain to me what you were on board your ship."

"On board of a ship there is a captain; afterwards a lieutenant, second in command; then frigate-lieutenants, of whom I am one; then come the masters, the quarter-masters, the sailors, the apprentices, the cabin-boys; these last are but children."

"I understand—lieutenant; you are the third on board the ship?"

"Yes."

"Fear nothing; as long as you are near me, you will not be exposed to any bad treatment."

* I forgot to say that the name Abd-el-Kader is the baptismal name. The sultan is called Sidi-l'Hadj Abd-el-Kader Mahidin; in French, Monsieur le Saint Abd-el-Kader Mahidin. This last is the family name. He is called holy, because he has been to Mecca."

† Abd-el-Kader can speak a little French; but from pride, or to humour the susceptibility and the fanaticism of the Arabs, he never would speak christian with a Christian."

‡ This short explanation showed me how much Abd-el-Kader's intelligence was superior to that of the other Arabs. He immediately comprehended that my family-name was France, and he pronounced it very well; while the other Arabs have always believed I had no name, and constantly called me Français."

§ At this time we were still styled so; since then, a new regulation gives us the title of lieutenant."

"He conversed with me a long time on the generals who had commanded in Africa, and he inquired, with a great deal of interest and curiosity, what had become of them. At the name of General Trézel he became violently angry, and exclaimed, 'He is the author of all our evils! He is the man who, by breaking the peace, has caused so many disasters!'

"I understood him to make allusion to the battle of Tafna, where General Bugeaud retrieved the check we had received at Macta, which had cost us five hundred men.

"How many horsemen," said I to him, 'did you lose at Tafna?'

"How many?" replied he with anger, 'how many? What have you to do with that? The Arab has not been killed like the French at Macta. You have not retrieved the great victory I gained over you. Five hundred of our men never returned from Tafna.' * I took care not to add any observation. There was a moment's silence, after which he smiled and said, 'Have you need of anything else to-day?'

"I am quite naked—have me clad."

"Abd-el-Kader immediately gave orders for them to dress me. I retired, on a sign to that effect, and they conducted me to the magazine of provisions. There they supplied me with a cap, a very light haick, a shirt, and slippers. They restored me my trousers, and I put them on, although in rags, for there were none to be found in the magazine."

In a conversation, Abd-el-Kader said to M. De France:—

"The Christians are fools—madmen; they wish to obtain possession of a country which is not theirs, and drive out the Arab to whom it belongs. If the Christian were victorious, where, then, would the Arab go?"

"Our plains, our silos, our fields, our flocks, our mountains, our tents, our horses, our wives, our camels would be yours."

"And what would become of the country in which you were born? Why, leave it, and come where you have no business—where Mahomet has placed his people? Does your sultan know how to ride on horseback like Abd-el-Kader? Is your sultan as great, as holy, as Abd-el-Kader?"

"You are dogs! you never pray to God!"

"Still, if you were satisfied with the coasts of Africa—if you restricted your occupation to Algiers, Oran, Bona, I might suffer you near me; for the sea does not belong to me—I have no vessels. But you wish the coasts, the plains, and the cities of the interior; you desire our mountains also."

"You are fools and madmen; you will never possess Arabia. The foot of our horse is lighter and more certain than the foot of yours. You will die with disease in our mountains; and those whom sickness shall not carry off, my horsemen will send death with their bullets."

"You see it is not us, but you, who are fools and madmen."

"On the 28th of October, Abd-el-Kader received from Morocco a letter, which announced to him the death of the king of France. I believe the emperor of Morocco spoke of Charles X.; Abd-el-Kader thought he meant Louis-Philippe."

"He immediately spread the report in his camp, that the king of the French had been assassinated; that a civil war was on the point of breaking out in France, and that the troops cantoned in Algiers were about to be recalled."

"This intelligence excited a great enthusiasm, a lively and uproarious rejoicing. The troops prepared to celebrate, worthily, the retreat of the French army; and for three whole days there was nothing but fêtes and rejoicings, both at Mascara and in the camp. Every morning the cannons of the city conveyed to the surrounding country the signal for the amusements which were about to take place, and of which the presence of the sultan heightened the splendour. Men, women, and children hastened

to the camp from all sides, and assisted at the mock engagements which the troops represented for three consecutive days."

"Every time the horsemen marched out to execute these manœuvres, the chief secretary of the sultan sought for me, and conducted me out of the camp; and there for three or four hours we watched the racing and the mock combats of the Arabs."

RAMBLING NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

BOXHILL.

"If thou art pain'd with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weigh'd down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that far-distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike;
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest-birds."—M'LELLAN.

"MEN'S happiness or misery," says Locke, "is most part of their own making;" yet, without attempting to controvert the general truth of the maxim, it must be admitted, that the bias the mind receives when it is tender and susceptible of every slight impression, often renders the individual all but incapable of following any other than a particular course of action in his future life, frequently in opposition to his conviction that it is not right. We should not, therefore, too readily condemn a man for procuring his own unhappiness, but think how much of it may be the result of early influences over which he had no control. Hence, too, we should learn the importance of right training from the first, and endeavour to place the young under influences that will produce a right impression on their minds. It is usual to talk of the uneducated classes; but in truth every one is educated: education being, not as is too generally supposed, reading and writing—which are but part of its instruments—but consisting of the appeal every thing or circumstance can make to the moral and intellectual faculties of the child. As society advances, I doubt not that the inculcation of the love of nature will occupy a more prominent place in the systems of education; not that its philosophy will be taught as a task, or be made to supplant other teaching, but that the spirit of inquiry, so natural to children, will be fostered and advanced by the glories and wonders that an all-kind Providence has given in creation, and which are so admirably adapted to this purpose, that it seems certain they were intended for the natural tutors of man's soul. The great drawback will be, that however good the system that may be adopted, however natural the plan of teaching pursued, the pupils will be more or less exposed to the contamination of their parents or others on whom the veil of ignorance shall remain, and which will strongly operate against the good that would otherwise result. But man's progression, like all other great works—we judge by analogy—must be slow; and here we see the chief reason why it will be so. But each succeeding generation will see the evil grow less and less, and though we prophesy not of perfection, yet sure, from our own experience, that mental culture adds greatly to human happiness, we can cast our eyes over the world that is to be, and participate in the enjoyment consequent upon a right understanding and use of Nature and her laws.

I cannot picture to myself anything more delightful than for a party of youth, associated together by a common love of the subject, to seek for and study the objects of natural history, or for a well-informed parent to lead his children out to some sweet spot, some "nook of the world," and there open up to their minds the

* As the Arabs are the greatest liars in the world, we may say, without fear of being taxed with exaggeration, that General Bugeaud killed 1200 men at Tafna."

volume of creation, not so much to imbue them with a parrot-like learning by rote of his knowledge, as to stimulate them to stir up their own souls to inquire for themselves.

Such a spot as I mean is Boxhill, between Leatherhead and Dorking, 21 miles from London, and forms part of the most beautiful scenery within the same distance from town. It is one of a range of chalk hills, whose forms are finely rounded and blended into each other, and the surface being covered with a soft, velvety turf, and planted with trees, constitutes a most lovely picture. From the road a path leads to the summit, whence there is a fine view of Norbury Park, with its mansion and plantations, the town of Dorking, and, to the left, the country towards Betchworth, Reigate, &c., stretching away interminably, while, immediately below, the river Mole creeps away from the foot of the hill, and crossing the road, enters Norbury Park, through which it pursues its course. This is a most lovely spot throughout the season, from the time that the spring, with its cheering voice, calls on the leaves to come forth from their winter covert, till the "sere and yellow leaf" tints the woods with many a shade. On a summer's night, when all is still, and the bat swims noiselessly on the transparent air,—

"When the deep skies assume
Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,"—

I do not know a spot more likely to engender a feeling of the ideal, or lead man to feel his connexion with the unseen and eternal. At such a time, in the words of Leigh Hunt, "there is a deeper sense of another world, precisely because there is a deeper sense of the present, of its varieties, its benignities, its mystery."

This has always been a favourite locality with me, and has produced many entomological varieties, a list of which, taken by Mr. Walton, may be found in the Entomological Magazine, vol. ii. p. 277, and many of which I have taken. Norbury Park is also known to the insect-hunter as the place where Mr. Walton first discovered moths feeding on the berries of the yew-trees, of which there are some very fine specimens. I have been one of the followers in his footsteps, and have found many rare species. They feed by night, and at times in the greatest profusion. On one occasion I had been roaming about the hills all day, and came, just as it was getting dusk, into the lane that leads to Headley, when I saw a number of moths flying about some ivy growing on a wall and in full blossom. I hastened to Mickleham for my net and a lantern, it being by this time dark. On my return I was delighted to find the ivy literally alive with them. They had settled on it, and were feasting on the honey in the bloom, and their eyes literally glowed like so many little constellations in every part of the bush. A stroke or two with a stick on the ivy soon brought them into the net, fifty or sixty at a time, when they were easily taken, as they shammed dead most admirably. Among them were several uncommon species, and all were valuable, being in very fine condition. Subsequent visits further enriched me, and with my other acquisitions from the yew-trees and other sources I returned home amply satisfied. I have often visited Boxhill since, and every time with renewed pleasure, and I trust I am yet destined to enjoy many happy hours in its neighbourhood.

SELECTION OF SPECTACLES.

OCULISTS are often consulted about the selection of spectacles. Those made of flint-glass are preferable to those made of crown glass, as the former are less green than the latter. The best are made of the rock crystal of the Brazils, and perhaps of amber. Plain glasses of any kind do not render the vision more distinct,

and only preserve the eyes from dust and too much light; and for the latter purpose they are differently coloured, as greenish, bluish, blackish, &c. The blue or azure are preferable to the green, which, in a short time, render objects yellow or red. When glasses are convex on both surfaces, they are called *bi-convex*, *lenticular*; and when on the surface only, *plan-convex*: in fine, one side may be convex and the other concave—the concavity being less than the convexity; this glass is called *concave-convex*. The first kind are the strongest, and the last the weakest, and allow the person to observe objects laterally, without turning his head, which cannot be accomplished with any other kind of glasses. Concave-glasses are *bi-concave*, *plan-concave*, and *convex-concave*. The *concave-convex* and the *convex-concave* are called *periscopies*. When slightly convex, and slightly concave, they are termed *preserved*. The different kinds of glasses may be variously coloured for irritable eyes. They are differently numbered, and the strongest are nearest the first number. In choosing glasses, they should be applied over each eye, to ascertain if vision be same in both organs. When it is different, glasses of different numbers must be chosen. If the eye can see distinctly and without fatigue, by means of a glass of a certain number, that should be chosen. If the glass fatigues the eye, it may induce weakness or disease.—*Houston's Manual on the Diseases of the Eye.*

REASONINGS UPON NATURAL PHENOMENA.

METEOROLITES.

MODERN science has obtained the appellation of "The Philosophy of Experiment," and it has deserved its title, because, while establishing its foundations by the most rigid scrutiny of facts, it constructed the edifice by an acute process of reasoning. These two essential elements of philosophy are of little use unless united together; when separate we find that either no result is obtained, or else a false one. The old Hermetics, the seekers after the elixir vite and the philosopher's stone, often built a whole theory upon some mystical relation between men, words, and signs; and their systems were consequently as unsubstantial as the bases on which they were laid were fanciful. Others have proved themselves as diligent in observing, as they were slow in reasoning upon their observations. We have found them delighted to watch the face of nature, to mark every expression of her features, and record every new display of her wondrous variety, without any knowledge of the real signification of the facts they noted, or any power to reason upon the causes that governed those ever-changing phenomena.

In the poetry of the Greeks and Romans we find abundant indication of an intimate acquaintance with Nature in her every form. Their descriptions, their smiles, their incidents, all prove how much and ardently they must have studied her volume, but they went no further than the plain literal interpretation of its pages. They delineated most accurately her visible countenance, but could gather from its expression no revelation of her inner mysteries.

This was occasioned in a great degree by the system of their mythology. The ministers of their religion had crowded the universe with a multitude of divinities, of various ranks and powers, to whose hands the government of every separate portion was assigned. Every river, grove, and mountain, had its troops of immortal inhabitants: the celestial bodies were each controlled by different deities; the winds, the clouds, the ocean, earthquakes, and volcanoes, were all caused by the direct agency of a god; the thunder was the privileged possession of the Father of their heaven, the bolt was his avenging instrument, and every flash of lightning announced the arrival of some message of his to the earth. It was hardly possible for men with such a creed to search

for second causes. Having referred every operation of nature to the immediate agency of a supernatural influence, there seemed impiety in the very idea of the existence of any fixed law to govern them. Every feeling of sacred veneration deterred them from the search; and even when some more daring sage ventured to undertake it, he found the publication of the discoveries he had made dangerous; and that the people visited with severe persecution those whom they considered as desecrating the sanctity of their worship.

Even when every extraneous hindrance is removed, and after the human mind has freed itself from such shackles as these, the natural difficulties in our way render our progress necessarily slow. It takes a long time to form, and a still longer to verify, an extended theory. A vast accumulation of facts must be collected before the cautious philosopher will venture to promulgate it, and then it must be tried and tested on every side before we can place a perfect reliance on its truth. It is not till a number of experiments have been tried, a multitude of observations made, and a variety of detached portions of reasoning formed upon any subject, that we can consider our knowledge sufficient to combine the separate parts into a *system*; but when it is done, the completion of such a system forms a grand and notable era in the history of science. It is at once a permanent landmark whereon we can record, for the information of future ages, the present height of the tide of knowledge, and an eminence whereon the human intellect pauses for a while to collect breath and strength ere it again wings its onward flight over the vast ocean of inquiry.

We thus see that "Reasonings upon Natural Phenomena" are the materials out of which every system is formed, and that a large number must be first prepared before any sure progress can be made in its formation. We, therefore, purpose to present, from time to time, a few of these "Reasonings;" and whether they are found merely additional proofs of some theory already in existence, or as prepared fragments for the construction of some future system, we believe that they will be, in either case, not wanting in interest and value.

Among the phenomena which have been the subjects of speculation for many ages, and which, not being yet perfectly explained, promise to reward our future researches, those of the meteorolites, or meteoric stones, are amongst the most interesting. These strange visitants of the earth were once considered, as we have mentioned, the immediate messengers of a divinity. It was a natural idea, considering their strange character, and the terrible and brilliant accompaniments of their fall; but as science advanced, this explanation became no longer satisfactory; and then philosophers, unable to form any credible hypothesis, took refuge in a stubborn incredulity, and obstinately refused to acknowledge the existence of what they were not able to explain. In the year 1769, a stone was seen to descend near Luci, in France, by people who followed it with their eyes till it struck the ground, and picked it up the instant afterwards, and yet the Academy of Sciences decided that it *did not fall from the sky*; and so late as 1790, the account of a shower of stones, which fell on the roofs and in the streets of a village, was called "a ridiculous tale, made to excite the pity not only of men of learning, but all rational beings." At last, however, the mass of concurrent evidence became too strong for even scepticism to resist. Lists have been collected of several hundred instances where solid masses were seen to fall from the sky, sometimes singly, sometimes in a numerous shower, or else have been found lying loose on the surface of the earth, in such a manner as to give every reason to believe that they had so fallen; and then the ingenuity of men of science was amply exercised to account for these occurrences.

The following data are those established by observation whereon we have to found our hypothesis. That the meteoric stones are all very similar in external appearance, and almost identical in chemical composition; that they fall sometimes from a sky perfectly clear; that the direction of their fall is oblique; that they yield a bright light, and are always intensely hot at the time of their descent; and that they generally burst with an explosion before reaching the ground. They are very frequent in their occurrence. Few years pass without some recorded instance, while far the larger number must escape observation, alighting upon the wide uninhabited districts of the world, or in the ocean; many also never reach the earth at all, but shoot across the atmosphere, marking their course by the brilliant track left behind them, and then passing onward into space. Some of these are said to have been very large. One or two were estimated to have as great a mass as the planet Ceres, which is seventy miles in diameter; and one which passed within twenty-five miles of the surface, and threw down a fragment upon it, was calculated to weigh 600,000 tons.

Very numerous theories have been formed to explain these phenomena. By some they have been supposed to be electrical, and it has even been assumed that the discharges of electrical fluid going on in the atmosphere had the power to form these bodies in the air; that is, that electricity could *make* large masses of iron, nickel, &c., out of the atmospheric gases! Another idea, rather more philosophical, was, that the discharges, which often passed from earth and to the clouds, carried with them vapourised particles of metallic matter, which afterwards collected again and fell; and it was stated in confirmation, that if a strong electrical spark passed from a silver to a brass ball, a small spot of silver was often found afterwards on the surface of the brass, proving that part of the metal had been carried off. Others imagined them hurled into the air from some distant volcano, or sublimed by its heat into an elastic state of vapour, till attraction formed the particles again into a mass, when they fell by their own weight. A favourite supposition was, that volcanic action in the moon was sufficiently powerful to eject bodies beyond the sphere of its attraction, when some of them might come within the influence of that of this earth. Another again was, that this planet was attended by many small satellites, which were never visible except when their excentric orbits brought them so near as to pass through the regions of the atmosphere, or even sometimes to fall finally upon the surface; and a still wider range was given them by those who believed that the fields of space were traversed by multitudes of small metallic masses, some of whom were encountered by the earth in its orbicular circuit.

On proceeding to bring to the test of *reason* these several suppositions, we find that we must at once reject all those that assign a *terrestrial* origin to the meteoric stones, because they are *insufficient*. If we allow that large metallic masses can be sublimed by electricity or ejected by a volcano, how are we to account for the light and the explosion that attends their fall; for their reaching the earth so intensely heated as sometimes to appear completely in a state of fusion, and for the oblique direction of their descent? The idea that volcanoes existing in the moon might have sufficient energy to project their scorice beyond the limits of her attraction, seems not so unreasonable, when we consider how small that attraction is, and that she has little or no atmosphere to impede the passage; but then we have reason to conclude that no such volcanoes do actually exist. The fall of meteoric stones is, as we have mentioned, tolerably frequent, while a far larger number would be thrown in other directions, and never reach the earth.

With a volcanic action intense enough to produce this rapid discharge, vast changes would have occurred on the surface of the satellite; and as none such can be discovered, though her near position enables us to examine her with tolerable accuracy, we must either suppose that no large craters are there at all, or, which is hardly probable, that they are all situated on that side which is never visible to the inhabitants of this world.

Another argument hostile to this supposition is derived from the motion of the earth. As our rate of progress in the circle round the sun is at about 20 miles per second, any body not partaking of that motion would fall to and penetrate the ground at an angle more or less inclined to the tangent of the orbit, except in the particular case of a direct encounter; now observations show that this is the direction that the aërolites actually follow, and so tend to disprove both that they are lunar productions, or satellitic attendants on this earth.

As we have thus found cause to believe that these meteors have no connexion originally with this planet, and as we cannot conceive that they are wanderers in space, for then must we suppose the wide expanse filled with bodies, inert, lifeless, similar in composition, and in such multitudes that our small globe, in its narrow orbit, meets with very many in every revolution—there remains the hypothesis that they are part of our system, circulating round our sun, and being, perhaps, the scattered fragments of a destroyed planet. This supposition receives confirmation from the remarkable appearances of meteors at certain annual intervals, which seems to point out some relation between their motion and the orbit of the earth; and though it is as yet too early for us to pronounce on more than probability, yet we may assert that by this hypothesis all the observed phenomena are explained without any extravagant assumption. A body moving through air of the density of our atmosphere in its lowest part, would extricate a heat of nearly 30,000 degrees of Fahrenheit, if its velocity was one mile per second, or 1-20th that of the earth in its orbit. This heat is higher than that of the fiercest furnace, and the mass would become ignited; and if it contained gaseous or other volatile matter, would explode with violence. The argument that these aërolites ought, on our hypothesis, to strike the surface with much greater violence than they are found to do, may be easily refuted by the calculation which proves that if a solid cube of iron were let fall from any height, it could never attain a greater velocity than about 6,000 feet per second, as then the resistance of the atmosphere will balance the momentum of the weight; and the aërolites are much less compact in structure than a mass of iron, are softened by the heat they experience, and frequently altogether dispersed by an explosion.

A meteorolite of many tons' weight has been discovered lying on a plain in Mexico; but far larger ones have been seen, though they have merely passed over us, being drawn a little out of their course without leaving it altogether. It may be, however, that we may meet some larger specimen, of a mile or two in diameter, so near as to attract it down to the surface, where its arrival will afford some new phenomena for explanation, and will furnish a vast supply of materials for the disquisitions of the learned, and the museums of the collectors; though we may well conclude, in the words of Goldsmith's melancholy philosopher, "Heaven help the unhappy country on which it may happen to alight!"

RAVAGES OF THE PLAGUE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Its fatality is greater at some seasons than others. Generally, both at its commencement and its decline, the proportion of deaths is less than when it is at its height; no accurate estimate, therefore, can be made of the number of deaths in a hundred cases.

Certain it is, however, there are times when hardly any who are seized recover. About the middle of October 1836, the number of deaths during one week, as given in an official report, was about 1200. In November the disease was at its height. There were currently reported to be nearly 2000 deaths daily; and the whole number of victims which fell, during the autumn and winter, was believed by many to be not less than 100,000. For the truth of these popular estimates I cannot vouch. The scenes which daily met my eyes proved, however, that the havoc was immense. Cemeteries of several acres in extent were so completely turned up, to receive new dead in the very graves where thousands were before reposing, as to assume the appearance of freshly-ploughed fields. I have seen, in one of the burying-grounds, a body of men engaged in digging graves while the coffined dead were accumulating around them faster than they could inter them. I have watched by the gate of Selyvria, which opens upon the great road to Adrianople, for many minutes together, and have seen an almost unbroken procession of coffins, borne upon the shoulders of porters, pass out to the cemetery on that side of the city; and so it continued from morning till night, and day after day.—*Southgate's Travels in Turkey and Persia.*

THE PARISIAN AT SEA.

CONCLUDED.

If Mathieu Guichard's captain had been gifted with the faculty of analysis, he would certainly have found means of exercising it in studying the character of his sailor; but the excellent captain scarcely analysed—did not even analyse at all; he contented himself with degrading Mathieu, or loading him with favours, according as Mathieu deserved good or ill from him. Without amusing himself with mounting from the effects to the causes, after having valued the result, he made the reckoning, as he said, and found for total a blow or a glass of grog. Now, since Mathieu had been on board "La Charmante Louise," it would have been difficult to ascertain correctly whether the balance were in favour of the blows or the glasses of grog; and, in fact, this imp of a fellow had neither gained nor lost; for a soul plunged young into the withering atmosphere of Paris is brazed * therein, and retains for ever its stamp.

Thus Mathieu had brought and preserved that listless indolence, and that nervous transient activity, which characterise his race—that feverish excitement which would enable one to leap over an enormous ditch, but not that enduring continued strength which would enable one to ascend a mountain. If, in fine weather, a laborious duty were to be performed, oh! the Parisian was lazy, sluggish, sulky; but if the wind whistled in the sails, if the thunder roared, one would have said that the storm, reacting on his irritable frame, had increased its strength and energies a hundred-fold;—then the Parisian was at the yard-arm, at the futtocks; for there was neither a weight to lift nor an oar laboriously to ply—there was merely a rope to be cut. It is true that he risked his life, but it was not fatiguing, and the Parisian was there as quiet and calm as an old sailor. The fine weather returned, the Parisian became what he was, what he is, what he ever will be—idle, insolent, jeering; for he had the picturesque and ready wit of the streets of Paris. Sly because he was weak, however, he had gained a strange ascendancy over the crew, and tickled the captain on his weak point.

The confounded Parisian had been put in irons, sent to the mast-head, flogged; but he never lost his joke, nor a mouthful,

* Brazed is used by Shakspeare, in "King Lear"—

"I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it." And again, in "Coriolanus"—

"If damned custom had not brazed it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense."

nor one hour's sleep. The scoundrel imitated every one.—Do you wish to see the captain? There is the captain, with his hoarse voice, his eye half-shut, his favourite oath; lend the Parisian the captain's grey jacket and glazed hat, and you will have a striking likeness.—Do you wish to see the cook? There is the cook—it is he; there is his crooked leg, his absurd stammering! And drinking-songs and ballads, and scraps of scenes from comedies, from melo-dramas, from comic operas, which the Parisian recited admirably, imitating the tone, the gestures, the voice of the actors. The sailors and the captain laughed until they cried, and had only power to say, "Parisian, you are well named!"

It was intolerable; the work was forgotten, the helmsman steered wrong; no one slept on board when the Parisian spun a yarn; the hammocks were deserted; and you should have seen the simple, dark countenances of the sailors, squatted in a circle, listening attentively, with imperturbable gravity, to the tales and falsehoods of the Parisian.

And then the Parisian continued not to be astonished at anything. The sailors had expected it at the colonies; they reckoned on the effect of the negroes, the palm-trees, the cocoa-trees, the sugar-cane, and I know not what besides. Not at all; his everlasting "Wide awake!" came, and overthrew such sage foresight. The Parisian had seen negroes at Robinson's, palm-trees at the Jardin des Plantes, bought a pennyworth of sugar-cane on the Pont Neuf, and scooped out a cocoa-nut, to make a cup for his sweetheart. How to act with a being so encyclopediacal? Be silent and admire—was what the crew did.

It was Sunday; "La Charmante Louise," which in general was confined to the voyage to the Antilles, after a tolerable cruise had been freighted for Cadiz; she brought some Bordeaux wines, and was to carry back some sherry, or Xérès wines. The Parisian, tired in the colonies with negro and mulatto women, was not sorry "to change a little," as he himself said; and scarcely had the brig been moored alongside the wharf, near the Puerta del Mare, than my confounded Mathieu, with thirty francs in his pocket, was ashore at a single leap; a little straw hat, with a very low crown and wide brim, on his head; and dressed in white trowsers and blue jacket with anchor-buttons; his shirt-collar supported by a huge American cravat, the love-token of one of the ladies of Port Royal, Martinique.

It is impossible not to acknowledge that the Parisian was gifted with a prodigious philological faculty. His process was simple, and he used it in solving all difficulties, without exception, of language or of idiom. This was his method: had he to inquire his way of an Englishman, the Parisian, imitating the ridiculous *patois* which is attributed to the islanders in all our farces, said boldly, "Jé voudrais savoir le chémin à moi." If he addressed himself to a German, the accent followed a slight modification; to an Italian, to an American, the same thing. It is true that this method was sometimes incomplete—that often even foreigners, who would perhaps have understood him had he spoken plain French, became deaf to this unintelligible jargon. Then the Parisian asserted that obstinacy, a bad education, or national rivalry, existed. It is certain that Mathieu had never experienced that embarrassment, that timidity, which a foreigner always feels when he finds himself in a country the language of which he does not know. So the Parisian walked as firm, as erect, on passing under the Puerta del Mare at Cadiz, as if he had grown pale over the grammar of Rodriguez y Berna during seven years at Badajoz or Toledo.*

Mathieu found himself in the fish-market. The sight pleased

him: the animated crowd—the picturesque costumes—the men with small hats and long brown cloaks—the women of the lower orders with shoes of satin or silk, their little feet, their short petticoats, their skirts fitting tight at the hips, the natural flowers thrown tastefully in their thick black tresses; in fact—what shall I say?—their gait, their walk, the *solero*, all this strongly attracted the attention of the Parisian, who was mentally comparing these Andalusian beauties with the young girls of colour of the Antilles, and did not hasten to conclude his parallels—proofs were wanting.

As he passed the bottom of a flight of steps leading to the ramparts, he raised his eyes, and saw, at the middle of this *escala*, a woman who was ascending very quickly the last steps. This rapid ascent allowed the Parisian to have a glimpse of a well-turned leg and Andalusian foot; he ascended the steps with equal rapidity, and as he possessed more assurance than timidity, he approached familiarly, and gazed at the young girl—for it was a young girl—stared in the pretty girl's face, and not knowing how to pervert his language to make it a Spanish *patois*, he satisfied himself with an infinitive, and said to her, "Espagnole, être belle femme." The girl blushed, began to smile, and redoubled her pace, at the same time lowering her veil. "Where the deuce did I learn Spanish?" inquired the Parisian of himself, certain of having been understood, and following with long strides his new conquest. Almost opposite the custom-house, his conquest descended, turned her head, looked at the Parisian, and crossed the small Plaza de la Torre, to enter the Calle de Tideo.

The Parisian, animated, excited, charmed, enraptured, followed. He was about crossing the street, when sacred music was heard, and a long file of white penitents issued from a neighbouring street. At the head of the procession were long lanterns, then banners, then relics, then shrines, then flowers, then the host, then the governor. It was indeed a solemn procession, in order to beg of Heaven some little water; for the drought was frightful in the year of our Lord 1829. The Parisian, instead of joining the crowd, uttered a dreadful oath; for the procession barred his passage, and he trembled lest he should lose sight of his dark-eyed Andalusian.

The populace bared their heads at the first sound of the rattle of a white monk, who opened the procession. The Parisian kept his hat on, raised himself on the tips of his toes, stretched his neck forwards, shaded his eyes with his hand, and saw nothing—neither black veil, nor the blue-and-white flower placed at the side of a large tuft of ebony hair. Another monk came, but grey, carrying a lantern, on the glass of which were painted figures of men in the midst of flames. He showed it with one hand, and with the other he shook a money-box for the souls in purgatory. The assistants knelt; some gave, but many whispered, pointing towards the Parisian, who was leaning on the back of the man with the lantern, to endeavour to raise himself, and see if he could not perceive his Andalusian.

At this moment a magnificent shrine of gold, glittering with precious stones, and containing the arm of St. Serono, attracted the general attention and recollection. There was only the Parisian who remained standing; he interrupted the devout silence of this crowd, by one of those cries peculiar to the Parisian populace, and which one hears sometimes squeaked at the theatres on the Boulevards. It was because the Parisian had fancied he saw the veil and blue-and-white flower, and he called in his way. This savage, guttural, unusual, sacrilegious cry caused all heads to be raised simultaneously; then it was observed that the Parisian had remained standing, covered before the arm of St. Serono, and there was an uproar of indignation—a buzz, at first dull, but which

* The university of Toledo was suppressed in 1808. Spain at one time boasted of twenty-four universities, but the number has gradually been reduced to eleven. That of Salamanca is the most ancient; it was founded 1239.

soon became terrific, when the people saw the Parisian assume an air of impudence and audacity.

The host was advancing; and the gold fringe was seen glittering in the sun, the plume of feathers waved, the incense perfumed the air, the music resounded in the distance, and the sonorous voices of the monks of La Merced chanted vigorously the beautiful poetry of the Bible. The time was pressing; the excited Parisian was resolute, slouched his hat on his head, placed his hands upon it, and swore, with the most dreadful oaths, that they had no right to make him kneel. The host was very near, when a struggle took place between the Parisian and an Andalusian of enormous stature; the Parisian makes a leap backwards, falls at the feet of the archbishop, and strikes him violently. Then the people cry, "Sacrilege! Profaneness! Down with the Frenchman!" The tumult becomes fearful, and, in spite of the interference of the priest, the scuffle assumes a degree of fury; knives glitter, and—it is all over with the Parisian.

MONTORIO.

GENEROUS and ardent, and as romantic as could be, Montorio was in his earliest youth, when on a summer's evening, not many years ago, he arrived at the baths of ——. With a heavy heart, and with many blessings on his head, he had set out on his travels at daybreak. It was his first flight from home; but he was now to enter the world; and the moon was up in the zenith when he alighted at the Three Moors, a venerable house of vast dimensions, and anciently a palace of the Albertini family, whose arms were emblazoned on the walls.

Every window was full of light, and great was the stir above and below; but his thoughts were on those he had left so lately, and retiring early to rest, and to a couch the very first for which he had ever exchanged his own, he was soon amongst them once more, undisturbed in his sleep by the music that came at intervals from a pavilion in the garden, where some of the company had assembled to dance.

But secluded as he was, he was not secure from intrusion; and Fortune resolved on that night to play a frolic in his chamber, a frolic that was to determine the colour of his life. Boccaccio himself has not recorded a wilder; nor would he, if he had known it, have left the story untold.

At the first glimmering of the day he awaked, and, looking around, he beheld—it could not be an illusion, yet anything so lovely, so angelical, he had never seen before—no, not even in his dreams,—a lady still younger than himself, and in the profoundest, the sweetest slumber by his side. But while he gazed she was gone, and through a door that had escaped his notice. Yet still he gazed; and snatching up a bracelet which she had dropped in her flight, "Then she is earthly," he cried; "but whence could she come? All innocence, all purity, she must have wandered in her sleep."

When he rose, his anxious eyes sought her everywhere, but in vain. Many of the young and the gay were abroad, and moving as usual in the light of the morning; but among them all there was nothing like her. Within or without she was nowhere to be seen, and at length in his despair he resolved to address himself to the hostess.

"Who were my nearest neighbours in that turret?"

"The Marchioness de — and her two daughters, the ladies Clara and Violetta—the youngest beautiful as the day!"

"And where are they now?"

"They are gone, but we cannot say whither. They set out soon after sunrise."

At a late hour they had left the pavilion, and had retired to

their toilet-chamber—a chamber of oak richly carved, that had once been an oratory, and afterwards, what was no less essential to a house of that antiquity, a place of resort for two or three ghosts of the family. But having long lost its sanctity, it had now lost its terrors; and gloomy as its aspect was, Violetta was soon sitting there alone. "Go," said she to her sister, when her mother withdrew for the night, and her sister was preparing to follow—"Go, Clara—I will not be long;" and down she sat to a chapter in the "Promessi Sposi."

But she might well forget her promise, forgetting where she was. She was now under the wand of an enchanter, and she read and read till the clock struck three, and the taper flickered in the socket. She started up as from a trance; she threw off her wreath of roses—she gathered her tresses into a net—and snatching a last look in the mirror, her eyelids heavy with sleep, and the light glimmering and dying, she opened a wrong door (a door that had been left unlocked), and stealing along on tiptoe—how often may innocence wear the semblance of guilt!—she lay down as by her sleeping sister; and instantly, almost before the pillow on which she reclined her head had done sinking, her sleep was as the sleep of childhood.

When morning came, a murmur strange to her ear alarmed her. What could it be? where was she? She looked not; she listened not; but, like a fawn from the covert, up she sprang, and was gone.

It was she then that he sought—it was she who so unconsciously had taught him to love; and night and day he pursued her, till in the cathedral of Perugia he discovered her at a solemn service, as she knelt between her mother and sister, among the rich and the poor.

From that hour did he endeavour to win her regard by every attention, every assiduity that love could dictate; nor did he cease till he had won it, and till she had consented to be his; but never did the secret escape from his lips, nor was it till some years afterwards that he said to her, on an anniversary of their nuptials—"Violetta, it was a joyful day to me, a day from which I date the happiness of my life; but if marriages are written in heaven,"—and as he spoke he restored to her arm the bracelet which he had treasured up so long—"how strange are the circumstances by which they are sometimes brought about!—for if you had not lost yourself, Violetta, I might never have found you."—*Rogers's Italy.*

THE INHABITANTS OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

WE presume that all our readers have read the "Narrative of the Bounty" (it is included in Smith's Standard Library), and know that a portion of the mutineers, headed by Fletcher Christian, the master's mate and acting-lieutenant of the Bounty, sailed from Tahiti (Otaheite) in quest of an uninhabited island; and that they were never heard of, till an American Captain, in 1808, discovered their descendants, along with John Adams, the sole survivor, on a small island in the Pacific, called Pitcairn's Island. They were visited in 1804 by British ships of war; in 1825 by Captain Beechey; and in 1830 by Captain Waldegrave; who then ascertained that John Adams, the patriarch of the community, had died in 1829. The following account of the state of these half-English half-Polynesian people is given by Mr. Bennett, a surgeon and naturalist, who accompanied the South Sea whaler, Tuscan, in her voyage round the globe, during the years 1833–36, and of which he has recently published an account:—

"The only survivors of the first settlers are two aged Tahitian females, who possess some interest in association with the history of these islanders. The eldest, Isabella, is the widow of the

notorious Fletcher Christian, and the mother of the first-born on the island. Her hair is very white, and she bears generally an appearance of extreme age, but her mental and bodily powers are yet active. She appeared to have some knowledge of Captain Cook, and relates with the tenacious retrospect of age many minute particulars connected with the visit of that great navigator to Tahiti. The second, Susan Christian, is some years younger than her countrywoman, Isabella. She is short and stout, of a very cheerful disposition, and proved particularly kind to us; indeed, I flattered myself that I had found favour in the sight of 'old Susan.' She is not only presented to me a native cloth, of brilliant colours, which she had herself manufactured, but, bringing a pair of scissors, insisted upon my taking a lock of her dark and flowing hair, flowing profusely over her shoulders, and as yet but little frosted by the winter of life. This woman arrived on the island as the wife of one of the Tahitian settlers, and bears the reputation of having played a conspicuous part when the latter were massacred by their own countrywomen. She subsequently married Thursday October (what's in a name?) the eldest son of Fletcher Christian, who died at Tahiti in 1831. Her daughter Mary, a young and interesting female, is the only spinster in the island; she perseveres in refusing the offers of her countrymen, to whom she expresses great aversion, but unfortunately her antipathy has not extended to Europeans, and a very fair infant claims her maternal attentions.

"In person, intellect, and habits, these islanders form an interesting link between the civilised European and unsophisticated Polynesian natives. They are a tall and robust people, and their features, though far from handsome, display many European traits. With the exception of George Adams, who is much fairer than any of his countrymen, the complexion of the adults does not differ in shade from that of the Society Islanders. Their hair also is invariably black and glossy, and either straight or gracefully waved, as with the last-named people. Their disposition is frank, honest, and hospitable to an extreme, and, as is common to races claiming a mixture of European with Asiatic blood, they possess a proud and susceptible tone of mind. In conducting the most trivial affairs they are guided by the scriptures, which they have read diligently, and from which they quote with a freedom and frequency that rather impair the effect.

"A modest demeanour, and a large share of good humour, and an artless and retiring grace, render the females peculiarly prepossessing. Some of the younger women have also pleasing countenances, but, on the whole, little can be said in favour of their beauty. They bear an influential sway both in domestic and public politics; and this they are the better calculated to do, since they are intelligent, active, and robust, partake of the labours of their husbands with cheerfulness, and, with but few and recent exceptions, live virtuous in all stations of life.

"The children are stout and shrewd little urchins, familiar and confident, but at the same time well-behaved. They are early inured to aquatic exercises, and it amused us not a little to see small creatures, two or three years old, sprawling in the surf which broke upon the beach; their mothers sitting upon the rocks watching their antics, and coolly telling them to 'come out or they would be drowned;' whilst the older children, amusing themselves with their surf-boards, would dive out beneath the lofty breakers, and, availing themselves of a succeeding series, approach the coast borne on the crest of a wave, with a velocity which threatened their instant destruction against the rocks; but, skilfully evading any contact with the shore, they again dived forth to meet and mount another of their foaming steeds.

"The ordinary clothing of the men is little more than the *maro* or girdle of cloth worn by the most primitive Polynesian islanders. On occasions of ceremony, as to attend at church or receive the visits of strangers, they assume a complete English costume, their hats being constructed of 'pandanus-leaf cuinet,' and decorated with coloured ribbons, which give them a pretty rustic holiday effect.

"The females commonly employ for their dress the native material they prepare from the bark of the paper mulberry-tree, stained with vegetable dyes, but as opportunities offer they substitute for this rude cloth the handkerchiefs and cotton-prints of Europe. They wear the petticoat and scarf in the Tahitian style, and complete their toilette, after the manner of the same nation, by passing a girdle of the seared and yellow leaves of the *Ti* plant around their waist, placing flowers in their ears, and encircling their tresses with a floral wreath. Some few wear their hair short, but the majority permit it to flow over their shoulders in luxuriant ringlets.

"These people subsist chiefly on vegetable food. Yams, which are abundant, and of excellent quality, form their principal dependence; and next to these the roots of the mountain taro (*arum costatum*), for the cultivation of which the dry and elevated character of the land is so well adapted. Cocoa-nuts, bananas, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and water-melons, are also included among their edible vegetables, but of bread-fruit they obtain only a scanty crop, of very indifferent quality. They prepare a common and favourite food with grated cocoa-nuts and yams pounded with bananas to a thick paste, which, when enveloped in leaves and baked, furnish a very nutritious and palatable cake called 'pilai.' On two days in the week they permit themselves the indulgence of animal food, either goat's flesh, pork, or poultry, while the waters around the coast afford them a sufficient supply of fish. They cook in the Tahitian manner, by baking in excavations in the earth filled with heated stones; the fuel they employ is usually the dried husks of the cocoa-nut.

"The elder members of the Pitcairn Island family are but indifferently educated, scarcely any of them being able to write their own name, though most can read. For some years past an Englishman named George Nobbs has resided on the island, and officiated as schoolmaster to the children, who, in consequence, exhibit a proficiency in the elements of education highly creditable both to their own intelligence and to the exertions of their teacher. George Adams had commenced instructing himself in writing but a few months before our arrival, and a journal which he had kept for that length of time, and which he put into my possession, displays much progress in the art. The few books they possess have been obtained from sailors visiting their shores, and are chiefly of a religious tenor. Some volumes, also, which were removed from the *Bounty*, are still preserved in the house formerly occupied by the patriarch John Adams.

"The English and Tahitian languages are spoken with equal fluency by all the islanders, excepting the two Tahitian females, who speak little else than their native dialect, and are, perhaps, in the sad predicament of having partly forgotten that. They converse in English with some of the imperfections peculiar to foreigners; and this may be partly attributed to their usually discoursing in Tahitian with one another, as well as to a practice among their British visitors of addressing them in broken English, the better to be understood, a delusion into which most fall upon their first intercourse with this people. They nevertheless pride themselves upon an accurate knowledge of the language of their fathers, and not only aim at its niceties, but also indulge in the more common French interpolations, as *faut pas*, *fracas*, *ving froid*, &c.

"They were early and well-instructed in the pure doctrine of the Christian religion by their revered forefather John Adams, and it is to be sincerely hoped that no fanaticism may ever intrude upon their present simple and sensible worship of the Creator, nor the intemperate zeal of enthusiasts give them a bane in exchange for that religion.

"Whose functions is to heal and to restore,
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute."

Their Sabbath is now observed upon the correct day, or that according with the meridian of the island, which was not the case in 1814, when Sir T. Staines visited the spot, and found John Adams and his small community preserving Saturday as the day of

rest; an error which had arisen from the circumstance of the Bounty having made the passage from England to Tahiti by the eastern route, without any correction of time having been made to allow for the day apparently gained by this course."

TREASURES, CHARACTERS, AND USES OF THE OCEAN.

WERE there time, it might be well employed for a few moments longer, in looking at the treasures of the sea—at the oceans of sea-weed (*fucus natans*), which rising from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet, and floating upon the surface, while its roots are yet clinging to the bottom of the sea, overspreads the top for hundreds of miles together, with "liquid herbage," as green as that of the greenest and freshest meadow. So, too, we might dwell on the springs of fresh water that are found gushing up like rivers in the very midst of the sea—upon the flowers of the sea—upon the glorious effulgence of the sea, caused by certain tribes of the zoophytes and mollusca, combined, it may be, with animal and vegetable putrefaction—on the colour of the sea, so "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," owing to the greater refrangibility of the blue rays, which are found in light, and are refracted in greater quantity, as in the sky—upon the lustre of the sea—the everlasting fulness of the sea, which, if it were diminished but a few feet only—to one half the difference which exists between the elevation of the Pacific and the Atlantic, would change the whole business of the world, lay waste many a populous empire, and leave our largest commercial cities and sea-ports high and dry upon the shore, and literally beyond the reach of help or hope. So, too, were we given to poetry, we should love to celebrate the wonders of the sea—the riches that lie heaped along its "untrampled floor," from the wreck of countless ages and empires—the gardens of the sea, and the musical winds that blow there—

"—for ever in the tranquillest climes,
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes!"

the apparitions that abide there—the crowned and sceptred shadows of the sea—the interchangeable splendours of the sea and sky; but we have no time for all this, and shall, therefore, content ourselves with two or three remarks more—and only two or three.

The first is, that if there were no such thing as the sea, nations could have no intercourse with each other; less than a tenth-part of the distance between the two shores of the Pacific, if it were land, would prove an impassable barrier for ever.

The second is, that if there were no currents in the sea—no prevailing winds—no irregularities, that intercourse would be absolutely impossible, and all the nations of the earth would now be sitting in darkness, or wholly dependent upon steam navigation, the natural result of ship navigation, and of nothing else.

And the third is, that if any material change were to take place in that everlasting fulness of the sea, not only would the whole business of the world be changed, but in proportion as the sea lowered, barbarism would extend itself—the earth would be uncultivated—the islands of the sea would be lifted up—mountains would reappear—and all the cities of the earth would have to be built over again. On the other hand, a slight elevation of the sea—a little more fulness—a few inches here, and a few inches there, and lo! the whole earth were a desert! Judging by the effect of our spring tides, and by the tremendous devastation which occurs whenever a small portion of that great level is disturbed—by what we see in the overflow of small rivers, where they break up in thunder and in earthquake, we may be sure that a few inches, or at most a few feet, would be sufficient to overwhelm the goodliest portions of our earth. But who is there to trouble the fountains of the great deep? Who is there to intermeddle with the established guardianship of the earth and sea? Let us abandon all fear, and rejoice that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?—
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?—
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sigh'd for pity as it answer'd "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favour'd spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopp'd for a while, and sigh'd, to answer "No!"

And thou, serene moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in ve,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death:
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest'd,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to mortals given—
Waved their bright wings, and whisper'd "Yes, in heaven!"

From "The Hope of the World, and other Poems,"
by CHARLES MACRAY.

AN INTELLIGENT ROEBUCK.

About ten days ago, one of the farm-keeper's wives was going homewards through the woods, when she saw a roebuck running towards her with great speed. Thinking that it was going to attack her with its horns, she was considerably alarmed; but at the distance of a few paces, the animal stopped and disappeared among the bushes. The woman recovered herself, and was proceeding on her way, when the roebuck appeared again, ran towards her as before, and again retreated without doing her any harm. On this being done a third time, the woman was induced to follow it till it led her to the side of a deep ditch, in which she discovered a young roebuck unable to extricate itself, and on the point of being smothered in the water. The woman immediately endeavoured to rescue it, during which the other roebuck stood by quietly, and as soon as her exertions were successful the two animals galloped away together. Now, this is really a matter of fact; and if all matters of fact were as pretty, I should think it quite superfluous to read romances, and much more to write them.—*Memoirs of M. G. Lewis.*

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